AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY CLARA PARKER.

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half rose to my feet and tooked behind, may to be brought down upon a pair of pruised knees as our racing steed took a small boalder at a single leap.

'One-more such trick and we are lost.'' I nuttered between my teeth, and then we struck a smoother track, and I climbed upon the seat again, to meet as I did so a clance from Miss Brandon's dark eyes, chining and dilating in the moonlight, until lost all reason, and strange visions seized upon me.

upon me.
"Miss Brandon," I whispered, and my yolce sounded far off to my own hearing.
"If you were married, if you had a husband protect you, you need not fear those behind?"

men behind?"

She sighed impatiently. "Of course not," she said hurriedly. "But there's no use tasking about it now, for they'll catch us, oh, they will surely catch us," and she clung to me as a louder shout reached us. "Listen to me," I whispered, taking her cold hands in mine, boldly now, for that I meant her well God be my witness. "A week from now you will be free, you will need no one's aid, but tonight, but now, let me protect you. For a few short hours be my wife in the sight of the law, and I swear you shall be to me a young and reverenced sister," and involuntarily I bared my head before her.

Ah, if I could have spoken in my own tame and language then; but what a figure

Ah, if I could have spoken in my own tame and language then; but what a figure must have cut. She might have laughed loud as I crouched before her disguised and disfigured as I was, but she only hrank from me. "Marry you!" she gasped, tare you not married aiready then? Oh, was sure that you were married. What must you think of me, what must you!"

1. I have been married, "I stammered, diying her so in her shame and loneliess that I made nothing of my continued. ing her so in her statue that I made nothing of my continued dy. "But my wife is dead; you have eed to fear me. Remember how young seem to me. Look up and see that you

me." I pleaded with her, the sleigh plunged it the heels of that dreadful animal, in and down the frightful grade we to but he made nothing of it. Half the we seemed perched upon his very the seemed to get in the seemed to the seemed to would see of me-and how I seem that I was young, that every pulse tingling with a devotion beyond the er of reasoning age to feel, who can what might have followed. But, as it something in the swollen eye she led seemed to bring comfort to her t. She smiled, and, although at that then twe took a stone the size of a dintable under our left runner I never felt the dull shock.

And now another shout from behind reached us. Faster and faster came the pursuing feet, while the great hulk before us worked its starting joints as though lightning itself were playing fast and loose inside them. Great clods of snow dug up by clattering shoes rained thickly about us and struck upon our smarting cheeks. "The shoes themselves will be coming next." I groaned, crouching low, as my teeth grated upon the sand left from a mouthful of the snow and ice.

Would he, could be make it? Nearer, nearer yet, those feet seemed coming! Would bullets be whistling next in the frosty hall about us? "Cling to my arm." I cried in my companion's ear, and then I half rose to my feet and looked behind, only to be brought down upon a pair of bruised knees as our racing steed took a small boalder at a single leap.

I atted traveler of respectable mein, a family man, long overdue at the domestic hearth, I would take my oath. I could read the signs of a mild debauch and guilty dread in his feverish haste and in the craven fear which lit his eye. "Sir." I exclaimed, for getting caution and springing so suddenly before him that he threw up his hand as though sandbagging were his nightly seeing how it was with him, and then I asked for what I wanted, and poured out into his reluctant each such a tale of love and romance that, had he contained a divine fire, he must inevitably have burst into flame on the spot. As it was, however, he stood and eyed me with a cold, dull eye, an eye filmy from loss of sleep, a suspictous eye, that did not twinkle at my amorous tale, and when I had finished, said merely, "You have been fighting, I see." And how could it be otherwise?" I asked blaintly by "I could not get hearth, I would take my oath. I could read the signs of a mild debauch and guilty dread in his feverish haste and in the craven fear which style signs of a mild debauch and guilty dread in his feverish haste and in the craven fear which feat the wish haste and in the craven fear which feat he wish haste and in the craven fear whi

reveler.

"And how could it be otherwise?" I asked plaintively. "I could not get her peaceably. For I had mixed up a romantic elopement with certain elements of highway robbery until I thought the tale sufficiently highly spiced. But I beg of you, do not detain me. Surely you can direct me to the proper officer without suffering any strain upon your principles."

rinciples."

Coldly again did his dull eye scan me, up and down and all about, to rest at last upon the diamond scarf pin I wore. "I am a jeweler." he remarked at last indifferently, but his eye spoke for him with an elonunger I did to the second and the second scar and scar a a jeweler," he remarked at last indifferently, but his eye spoke for him with an eloquence I did not attempt to misunderstand. "Indeed!" I exclaimed joyously. "If that be the case, perhaps you can estimate for me the value of this bauble," and I plucked off the gem, forcing it upon him with an arch and meaning glance, while I secretly yearned to boot him for a cutthroat. But no sooner had the thing been done than I found the price beggarly compared with the comfort it brought to my jaded energies. I was no longer a rudder-less ship, drifting about at the mercy of every capricious wave. I was an important event, something with a purpose; a man who paid his way.

I would give a connected account of the next hour's work were the thing possible; but so confused are the real events in my mind with certain vague imaginings, that I dare not vouch for what might be called the plain facts. We walked, I should say, a great number of miles, though they have been reduced by some to barely as many blocks, and stopped at several houses where people, men mostly, in nightcaps, I think, though I will not insist on the night.

blocks, and stopped at several house where people, men mostly, in nightcaps, think, though I will not insist on the night caps, came and peered at us through cracks in doors, and swore at us first, and then talked more mildly, and at most of the houses I kept telling my name until they stopped me, and had me sign it to papers, which I did with pens as large as walking sticks

stophed with her, the sleigh plunged the heels of that dreadful animals and down the frightful grade we but he made nothing of it. Half the we seemed perched upon his veryches. Slowly the girl lifted her bowed and timility she looked at meant she could see of me—and how I ed then those hated bandages. Had each that I was young, that every pulse tingling with a devotron beyond the of reasoning age to feel, who can that I was young, that every pulse tingling with a devotron beyond the of reasoning age to feel, who can that might have followed. But, at it something in the swollen eye she seemed to bring comfort to hear the word of the state of the state of the same of the state of the same of the state of the same of the state sticks.

I know for a certainty that I kept paying

she laughed and cried;
"Why, the man is blushing. You better
go and shave yourself," she cried, jocosely.
"You are no fit sight for so pretty a little



"AND NOW, GO, OLD HORSE, GO!"

joined in by every homeless dog and vagrant cat we started from their unclean lairs, while drunken revelers halled us with coarse jests as we flashed across their paths, and twice I fancied that the gleaming muzzle of a firearm threatened us from some dark retreat. But so rapid was our flight as I half led, half carried, my trembling companion through the horrid tangle, we must have seemed to all we met as illusive as the shifting night shades, now and again trembling for a second between them and the moon's pale light. At last the air about us began to freshen, and with a great gasp of relief and exultation I drew my companion into a decent thoroughfare, and, with anxious glances, sought for some sign which would lead me to what I most needed.

There is no time to be lost, not one second.

most needed.

There is no time to be lost, not one second. There is no time to be lost, not one second. I must ask directions, but of whom? You-der, with stately step, comes a starred and coated officer of the law, and I shrink back and let him pass as though the weight of crime was pressing down upon my soul. Despair seizes on me; but hark! There are other feet. And see! There comes a be-

or she'll be more than ready to run back or sne'll be more than ready to run back with papa when he gets here."

There was goed sense in this, and I crept down stairs, and, meeting in the hall my gentleman of the diamond pin, asked him, shamefacedly, where I might obtain at once a bath, a change of clothing and a shave.

Again was I led forth, and once more we were knocking at neonle's doors and ever ween knocking at neonle's doors.

Again was I led forth, and once more we were knocking at people's doors, and once more did surly men peer at us through stingy little chinks, and by and by a half-dressed barber stood before us, mixing up cold lather and stropping a razor with a sleepy blindness far from reassuring.

"You'll have to get off them rags," he said, with unnecessary rudeness, pointing to my bandages, and then he stripped them from me with no gentle hand and fell at his work.

"Be careful of that jaw," I said, heavily, and then I think that I must have gone asleep, for, though I remember his asking me snappishly "Which jaw?" I remember nothing else until a sudden application of bay rum to a cheek all but freed of skin brought me to myself with a moan of pain.

"Whatever have you had them rags on for?" was the greeting of my tormentor, as he hastily covered the evidences of his brutality with a dab of powder, and then my eyes, straying about in sleepy wonder, fell upon my reflection in the long glass before me. What, indeed? Why, I was myself again! How long had I been masquerading unnecessarily in those bandages? Why, even my swollen eye, though a thought heavy about the upper lid, wore only a look of interesting melancholy. I could have sung for joy. I sprang to my feet with such an expression of artless delight on my face that the man demanded four times the usual rate on the spot. "It's too much to be expected to climb out at this hour and sharpen up extra for what one would get at midday, when the trade is driving," he said, in excuse of his robbery, but I took him so pleasantly that he quite bestirred himself when he got to my hair, and when I mentioned, with an attempt at gayety, that I was without hat or coat he offered to drum up a friend of his who kept a clothing store a little farther down the street.

"Let's be off," I cried like one lead-

a clothing store a little farther down the street.

"Let's be off," I cried like one leading a charge of cavalry. Half an hour later I was so completely metamorphosed that the lady who had recommended the change did not know me when I rushed in upon her, until I broke forth into a storm of inquiries as to the state of the invalid I had left in her charge.

"Where is she?" I cried, for I was burning to display myself before her without my former dismal trappings. Of course I should have remembered how she had learned to regard me; that she was weak, thred, and in a situation of the utmost delicacy, and in a manner I did, but how without raising fatal suspicions could I refuse to enter when the attendant pointed to the parior and said my "bride" was in there? I might, however, have gone in more s'owly; might have followed up my tread week. delicacy, and in a manner I did, but how without raising fatal suspicions could I refuse to enter when the attendant pointed to the parior and said my "bride" was in there? I might, however, have gone in more s'owly; might have followed up my timid knock, which brought a smothered chuckle from behind me, with less speed; but, as it was, I was inside the door, and on my knees beside the chair in which she sat, pouring out a stream of in which she sat, pouring out a stream of inquiries. regrets and congratulations before I noticed that she was not listening to

to do? We could not ride all day. Should

to do? We could not ride all day. Should I take my companion straightway and place her in my sister's eare? Not for all the world until the mystery surrounding her could be cleared up!

What then? Timidly I turned and looked at her, but nothing was to be got from that, save the disconcerting perception that she, too, felt the awkwardness of our situation, was crushed beneath it, and cowered away from me, her head turned aside and her whole attitude one of complete prostration.

away from me, her head turned aside and her whole attitude one of complete prostration.

"Well!" said I briskly, as my eyes noted this, "we will drive to a hotel, where you may rest," and, pretending I had forgotten something, I ran and conferred with the driver as to some quiet retreat, the name of which he gave with a leer, so that I climbed back beside my companion, filled with vengeful longings, which were augmented when I detected my bride in the act of studying me from beneath her lashes, and saw that, far from comforting her the survey of my person seemed to fill her mind with renewed consternation.

"Miss Brandon!" I cred softly, a whole world of respect and compassion ringing in my voice, and then I remembered that she was no longer Miss Brandon, and she remembered it too, and the good work was all undone. Up rushed the scarlet to my face and to hers too, poor girl, and with a childish motion she pressed one hand across her face to conceal it from me.

"It's going to be a chilly day," I gasped with an attempt at unconsclousness she could not second, and so we sat in a stlence, awful to her, I knew, while my heart thumped away at my side like a hammer.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than

hammer.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than



me, but had drawn herself back from me mine. "Oh, forgive me," she faltered, "you

am not angry with you," she said,

t'midly. "And if you had been old, you know, come to think about it, you couldn't have got about so; perhaps it's best this way, after all."
"Perhaps it is," I murmured gravely,

barely touching the dainty fingers, then laying them discreetly down again, while my traitor heart leaped high and mad fanmy traitor heart leaped high and mad fancies possessed my brain. And then, to reassure her, for I cared little enough about it myself, I began to talk to her of her business complications, artfully rousing in her the resentment against her uncle of which I had caught a glimpse; and so, little by little, winning her to look at me and trust me as I sat down back from her, not trusting myself in the least, and very much fearing that some hasty word or action might drop again the veil which seemed lifting from between her soul and mine.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough!" "Oh, how can I ever thank you enough!" she cried at length. "And to think that you are about the first honest man I ever talked to, though, I suppose," she added hastily, "that the priests must be all right, being in the church, and all that, but then you know they have to be so queer that it doesn't seem to matter whether they are or not; one doesn't care much, you know." or not; one doesn't care much, you know."
Well, they would not let us alone, so we had some breakfast—the usual thing, I suppose, for I remember being asked whether I would take cream in my coffee and declining it, then wondering why the whether I would take cream in my coffee and decilning it, then wondering why the stuff tasted wrong and wasn't the right color, and something about being asked if the steak suited me, and that I answered dreamily that it did not, at which people looked offended. Little could be expected of one sitting down in family fashion with a blushing girl, who kept her eyes fastened questioningly upon him whenever she thought herself unobserved, and who faltered out little womanly proffers of delicacies that led him to pile his untouched plate with incongruous eatables.

A carriage was got for us by some one, and I paid out more money, almost my last. Then we were directed to a down-town law.

A carriage was got for us by some one, and I paid out more money, almost my last. Then we were directed to a down-town law office; arrived indecently early, and were received by a janitor much out of temper from an encounter with the furnace, and I was snubbed by him and frowned upon, and when the lawyer came I left my companion in the reception room and went into the inner office with him, wishing devoutly that I might have sought my brother-inlaw's advice as to the kind of help to employ in my delicate business, yet not daring to venture near him, as I valued my liberty. liberty.

Too utterly jaded to use my ordinary tact, I did not decently prepare the poor man. While I pelted him with my wild statements he sat far forward upon the edge of his office chair, with one eye upon the window beside him, making ready, I felt, for that moment when my lunacy should break loose and he must leap for his life. But, though clumsy to the verge of brutality, I was firm with him, and nothing he could say shook my confidence in my reason, or the reality of what had happened. So, gradually, he left off his feverish attention to the window and began to really heed me. But when I reached that strange morning wedding, he sprang to his feet and snatched the papers pertaining to the ceremony from me, much as one would seize a loaded revolver from the hands of a child.

Our names he took down, and then my companion must be brought in and questioned, and when he had cross-examined Too utterly jaded to use my ordinary

ar names he took down, and then my panion must be brought in and quesied, and when he had cross-examined until the toe of my boot fairly tingled, bundled us both out of the office, telling when to call again, all the time mutterto himself as though his nervous systad sustained a severe shock. to himself as though his nervous sys-had sustained a severe shock. are more in the carriage, what was I

me, but had drawn herself back from me as from some wild beast, and was regarding me in a pallid horror which struck me to the heart.

"Why, don't you know me?" I cried, in pity and reproach, at which her face turned crimson, then went down upon the arm of her chair, and she burst into tears with such an abandonment of grief that I was beside myself.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me." I cried, though I was not conscious of having staned against her. But she only shook her head, and bade me leave her, and, as I could not do that, I dropped into hopeless is elence, regarding the crown of fluffy hair, which was all I could see, in helpless misery intit, gradually, about an inch of her white forehead began to show itself above the handkerchief she was ciutching, and a desperate voice said: "How could you be so young—so awfully young and all that? It's just—just too dreadful for anything."

"I know it," I said meekly, though I did not think it dreadful at all. "But you know all this is just for a little while. I only stayed to make you understand that. I will leave you now, if you prefer it."

There was a silence, then she reached her hand cautiously toward me, still with her face concealed behind the handker-chief.

"I am not angry with you," she said,

"I am not angry with you," she said,

ing already framed upon my sister's lips froze into a little frosty nod, while a delicate flush of shame and outraged confi-dence spread itself over her handsome feat-ures. Her friend sat like flesh and blood turned of a sudden into an excellent qual-ity of granite, while not the faintest trace of pity gleamed from the four eyes turned haughtily upon the shrinking figure beside

ne.

I had stood so much that I think I had ittle reason left; besides, although I knew he circumstances were against me. I was little indignant, which still farther blinded me. So, without a thought of their amazement, indeed with scarcely a con-sciousness of the thunderboit I was ieveling at their heads. I took my companion's hand

sciousness of the timinerboot! I was ieveling at their heads, I took my companion's hand and led her a little forward, remarking in a perfectly vacant manner: "Oh, how do you do, Flo? Let me make you acquainted with my wife. And Miss Thompson also, I should like to have you meet my wife. Pleasant morning, isn't It?" And then, utterly aparthetic from despair, I stood and stared listlessly.

I have always admired women, but the conduct of the outraged Miss Thompson at that moment moved me to such intemperate won ler that, with the insane tendency one has to grasp at trifles in moments of peril, I thought for a moment of nothing else, save the sudden glittering composure which fell down over and staid about her, as the fatal words slipped past my babbling lips. Not the shriek of my sister in that public place, nor the violent start and reproachful cry of my wife had power for that moment to rouse me.

"Well really now outle abrupt and the

"Well, really now, quite abrupt and the-atrical, I do declare!" cried Miss Thompson, while every other mortal on the spot was tongue-tied with horror. "And to think, Flo, that you jost a night's sleep worrying over such a refreshingly romantic creature! I would teer my hair just a little my deer. I would tear my hair just a little, my dear, if I were you. Of course, I should recommend the greatest discretion while you're about it."

It had its root in the unaccountable dislike taken to me by the young bride flung
so strangely on my care. This it was which
robbed me of my appetite, destroyed my
pleasing manners, made me peevish with
my sister, intolerant of the cook, pettish to
a degree with the housemaid, and downright savage with the smirking coachman
who privately considered himself a party to
all my unwholesome notorlety. And how
they bore with me! I wondered at their
goodness even while I kept on trampling
over them in my unbridled egotism.
When one looked from the pitiful, frightered face of the child beside me to the
chill, white face of Flo. glaring down at
us from the carriage door, their rattling
talk sounded like profanity, and yet I did
not blame Miss Thompson. At heart I was
guiltless, yet I cowered beneath the glitter
of her eye, as though confronted with actual blagmy. I have said before the El-It had its root in the unaccountable dis-

of her eye, as though confronted with ac-tual bigamy. I have said before that Flo is a good woman. She is. She is more. She is a great woman, and at that trying mo-ment she proved as much. After all was

is a good woman. Sne is. Sne is more. She is a great woman, and at that trying moment she proved as much. After all was said and done. I was her brother, and my honor was her honor.

"I was very gld to meet your wife," I am sure, she at length gasped out, with a smile which must have come much harder than the last defiance of many a well-baked martyr. "Do get in and come with us, both of you. I was on the way to the morgue to identify you, but we will drive home now."

It sounded suspiciously friendly, but I was looking for floating straws, and I turned to assist my trembling charge in beside the others.

"Forgive me," I whispered as I half lifted her upon the cushions; but she would not raise her eyes to mine. When I murmured in my sister's ear: "Flo, be kind; I will explain," she turned her face away with a low order to the driver which set

with pale faces and frightened eyes, much as they might have looked had I been brought home to them spread out on a shutter.

brought home to them spread out on a shutter.

"Never mind, Fio," were the first words gasped out by poor William, when I had ended. "George, my dear boy, I'll see you through this," and then steps came hurrying along the hall, and the door fell open to admit a servant's flustered face. But before it had fairly dawned upon us it was shoved aside, and in bounded a small, stooped figure which I recognized as the lawyer I had consulted that morning. Something exciting he had to tell; his face showed that; and before I could speak to him he and my brother-in-law ran at each other and fairly exploded with a lot of legal jargon in which I seemed to figure as both "John Doe" and Richard Roe," so involved had my affairs become. Then all three of them—for my sister had mixed herself up in the confusion—turned and looked at me. My sister-for she loved me—with happy tears chasing the shadows from her ever my brother-inlaw—for he loved with happy tears chasing the shadows from er eyes; my brother-in-law-for he love my sister-with a face of profound relief, and my lawyer-for he loved his gold-with ntenance uplifted by the vision of a

neavy fee.
"Sir," he said; "sir, allow me to con

"Sir," he said; "sir, allow me to congratulate you; you have married an hetress," and he grasped me with fingers purple from the arteries of his fountain pen, and shook me as though rattling sovereigns from a sack.

"By George, old fellow, you lit on your feet this time!" burst forth William with an explosive laugh, and he gave me a blow upon the back which would have driven home a railroad spike.

"Oh, George, and she's so pretty!" whispered my sister, with her arms about my neck. "Couldn't you-don't you think you might learn to like her just a little?"

The next two weeks of my existence were as troubled as a sick man's dream, for though scornfully indifferent to the wretched dollars involved in the affair, every one else seemed to consider them of the first invectages, and I leds wretched. wretched dollars involved in the affair, every one else seemed to consider them of the first importance, and I led a wretched life of it in the hands of my lawyer, who worked me like a day laborer with his everlasting interviews. And when Miss Brandon's uncle and cousin (I hadn't the courage to even think of her by any other name) turned violent and insulting, no one would think of letting me meet them, one at a time, and have it out with them. Those who took an interest in the tiresome details told me that the fantastic will details told me that the fantastic will which had made all the trouble showed up oractically the same as it had been give o me; and, finally, the matter was settle

which had made all the trouble showed up practically the same as it had been given to me: and, finally, the matter was settled somehow on a comparatively peaceful basis. The uncle denied everything, of course, but finally disgorged enough, I suppose, to satisfy those who were handling the business. Anyway, they ceased the basis of course, complicated my troubles, recovered from his miraculously tribing injuries, and I had time to fall back on the real source of my sufferings. It must have been patent to every woman in the house, from my sister down to the meannest scrubwoman, that I was the victim of an engrossing and despairing passion; and so my sister ignored petty flings, the cook did violence to her own past record, the housemaid filled my vases with discovers and through all this womanly kindness I stalked untamed, disheveled as to ties, solitary as to habit; a lean specter of a bridegroom without a bride. It was apparent to every one that my bride had no desire for my society, and I was made to feel, even by Flo. that it would be considered a graceful act for me to take my meals down town whenever the pretty recluse had been prevailed open to promise she would leave her room.

"You see she feels so queer, you know," my sister would say with an inscrutable simile, "And I have promised that we will be alone tonight," and so I would rush off savagely, take a few wretched morsels of food somewhere, then sneak home again with the unacknowledged hope of surprising skirts melting away behind some closing door. After that I would fling away to my room, and commence my daily unpacked before the night was own hough I knew

ver.

I fell to absenting myself from the conmon haunts of man, taking long and disma walks in the suburbs of the place, moody and suicidal. During one of these rambles at a moment when my self-pity was at the keenest, I came upon a group of men, one of whom was in policeman's garb. He was directing the others with garb. He was directing the others with voice and gesture regarding a maimed and haiting beast that hobbied in their rear. "Take him to the outskirts and shoot him!" he bawled. "He broke a plate glass window today racing with a street car," and, with this death sentence warm upon his lips, he faced about to run full against me, as I darted toward him. "Stop them! Stop those men!" I called, and then, before his fingers could come groping for my collar, I explained more caimly: "I know the owner of that horse. He will gladly pay for any damages that it has done and agree to see after it more carefully in the future."

I think he thought I was demented; but the color of my gold was the same as that of any same man's, so, after a decent pause

of any sane man's, so, after a decent pause in behalf of his official dignity, he recalled in behalf of his official dignity, he recalled his vassals, and a moment later, with the whole crowd jeering at me, I had started on my homeward way, leading the wretched outcast. On through the sloppy road we went, we two who had made that dark night race together. He worn and spent in body, and I with my spirit biting the very dust. Long was the way, but at length we turned in at the door of a public stable, where a wondering but friendly hostler took the halter from me, while I told him my desires.

"If you don't 'low to use him none, he can be pulled through all right, I guess," he said, doubtfully. "But his legs is stiff as posts, and he won't never be good for nothin' much but slow travel," and then, while he went for oats and a blanket, I stooped and I looked into the creature's almost human eyes in dumb apology for the wrong my passion had done him. "And it was all in vain, old nag," I whispered, patting his hair with a lingering touch, for his shape was a beautiful memory to me; and again in fancy I could see it steaming along the frozen road which stretched so long, so long, before me, while a girl nestled at my side, and a peril that made her mine to save came rushing on behind.
Distracted with memories, I hurried home in no mode to cope with Flo, when she "If you don't 'low to use him none, he can

Distracted with memories, I hurried home in no mood to cope with Flo, when she came and gently probed and goaded me, until the secret of my heart came out in an angry confession that I loved the wife who would not even raise her eyes to mine. She gave me not a ray of hope. She even said: "Poor boy." And, sullen with despair, I have myself from her presence. "Poor boy." And, sullen with despair, I flung myself from her presence. I now decided conclusively to leave the

I now decuded conclusively to leave the country, I went down to dinner enveloped in a halo of resolves, having mentally de-clined every objection which the courtesy of a host or the affection of a relative could or a nost or the affection of a relative could urge against my departure. I was a little late, but it did not matter. I opened the door carelessly, only to find myself stricken in such confusion as I had not felt since my first ball.

first ball.

It was not the teasing light from Flo's smile which disconcerted me, nor yet the friendly encouragement which radiated from William's entire person. No: some one else was there, some one dressed in shimmering white, with a blushing face, but a bright and happy one; a young person whom Flo and William called "Bernice" with a familiarity positively maddening.

but I cannot. Oh, Bernice! my little bride, I cannot."

Had I frightened, had I shocked her? I dared not look up, but, clasping tightly in my own the trembling hands which I caught as they wound themselves nervously together, I pressed them close against my down-bent face. There was a long silence while the small hands struggled feebly in mine; then they grew still, and there came faintly: "I—I don't think that I want you to go—but you never had any wife—and—you aren't a doctor at all—and—and—"

If there are those who would prefer to believe that I remained upon my knees through all that faltering speech they may do so, but I think there are many who will appreciate me better if they doubt that I was so passive.

(The end.)

(The end.)

ART NOTES.

For the last couple of years Mrs. E. J. Smith has confined her attention to aquarelle, but always following the principle that there is no satisfactory reason why water colors may not be worked just as strongly as oils. The consequence is that her work is much more vehement and forceful than that of many artists who use water colors merely to reproduce those delicate and elusive effects for which a coarser and more masculine medium is not as well adapted. She has had the courage to break away completely from a long training of "lay and overlay" in oils, and while naturally retaining many of her former qualities of feeling and color she now paints in full washes of tint from the upper corner down over her paper in the most direct form of the pure transparent method. She seems most at home in her maod. She seems most at home in her marine sketches, of which she has done a great number. They display a thorough acquaintance with the various but ever beautiful phases of nature at the seashore, and a successful coping with the fascinating, but to the inexperienced admost maddening, problem of the motion of surf and the rapid cloud changes. In moonlight studies she is unusually fortunate, though, unlike most who attempt to interpret later evening, she abandons cold shadows and weak light and throws over the whole a warm glow of color that any conscientious student of nature would be bound to see when the full orange moon hangs low with the red flush of a few minutes earlier still the red flush of a few minutes earlier still upon it. Her marines, however, are not all moonlight and surf, but range from the for and canal at Venice to the salt marshes along the New Jersey coast. She has lately done a number of those still-life studies, conscientiously drawn and rich in color, of which the piece now at the Water Color Club exhibition is a very fair example.

* * Mr. Harry Bradford still keeps indefatigably on with his hard, self-exacting ap-plication. Just now he is occupied with animals, and more particularly the African lion. His method is to make himself thor-oughly familiar with the construction of the beast from anatomical charts, to go then to the Zoo and make as accurate pencil notes as possible from the living model, and finally to work up a composition, using his pencil sketches and going as elaborately into detail as his knowledge will allow and the needs of the picture require. Of late he has been quite successful with his illus-trative work.

From one point of view it is a pity that Mr. Mills Thompson is doing such a small amount of work in the field of creative art, but it is gratifying to note that in his position as art editor of the Saturday Evening Post he finds a task thoroughly con-genial to his tastes and talents. The pe-genial to his tastes and talents.

The labor of the jury for the selection of the works destined for the United States display in the Fine Arts section of the Paris exposition has been completed by the aceptance of 150 paintings culled from galleries on this side, which will leave 100 to leries on this side, which will leave 100 to be chosen from among the Americans abroad. It was hoped that the paintings might have been exhibited in New York before they were shipped to the French capital but this was found impracticable, and art lovers must wait until next year to see this exceedingly choice collection of the best work of our painters.

Since Mr. Richard N. Brooke left Wash ington for Warrenton, business affairs and the management of his estate have engrossed the major part of his time, but grossed the major part of his time, but word how comes that he has just completed a new studio adjoining his house, built en-tirely according to those elaborate plans which for years he has cherished, and we may now expect to see many notable ex-amples of his powerful style.

Prince Troubetskoy has but lately returned from his country place at Castle Hill, Virginia, and is now occupying a studlo in the Corcoran building. He is engaged upon a full-length portrait of Mile. Cassini, niece of the Russian ambassador. The can-vas promises to be one of the most impor-tant he has yet produced, in that it is an absolutely direct attempt to convey his in-terpretation of character. The figure, in evening dress of some light tulle material over silk, is standing gracefully, one hand resting upon a chair. The drawing is per-fectly easy and natural, and the whole porniece of the Russian ambassador. The cantrait refined to the last degree of simplicity, which gives a dignity to and renders highly effective the great beauty of the subject.

Mrs. Mary Sigsbee Ker has just occupie a studio at 19281/2 Pennsylvania avenue. She is now comfortably fitted up, and has started work upon a large portrait of her-self, painted in her customary deep tones self, painted in her cu of blacks and greens.

There has recently been put in position in the loan collection of the Corcoran Gallery a large 8x10 canvas, a "Portrait of a La dy," owned by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst. Though unsigned, it is evidently an impor tant piece of work and an excellent ex-ample of the artificial French school of the eighteenth century, of a period probably somewhere between the work of Charles Le Brun and Eustache Lesseur and the Le Brun and Eustache Lesseur and the graceful extravagances of Watteau and Greuze. A full-length figure of a doll-like little lady, in stiff court dress, has just plucked a stiff little rose from a still stiffer ornamental basket of flowers, while all around lies the palpably artificial park scenery that recalls the well-cleared forests of Versailles in Louis XIV's reign. The picture is well painted, however, and its mannerisms are only those of the times; what is to us only quaint affectation was to its contempories a stately and classic presentation of court life.

Since Mr. Edward Siebert has reoccupied his studio at 19281/2 Pennsylvania avenue he has been working very hard and has produced several pictures which will, beyond question, come as a surprise both to those who have been constant admirers of his work and to those who have felt that he was too tightly bound up in the pursuit of realism for the sake of realism. No one of the local artists can be a surer or more accurate draughtsman than Mr. Siebert,

the carriage spinning toward home at a rate that threatened to cripple every slow and the carriage spinning toward home at a rate that threatened to cripple every slow as the critical state of the condition of the condition of the condition of the carriage spinning toward home at a rate that threatened to cripple every slow as a condition of the condition of th

of her work, she evidences clearly the efof her work, she evidences clearly the effect her father's conservative way of working must have upon her. Most of her sketches were made among the Catskills, where the great sweeps of mountain meadow and the cloud-capped hills give a fine chance for largely felt painting. She manages to get some very novel and spontaneous effects in small sketches where one may carry the idea to a finish without sitting over it until conditions change.

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Of the young Washington artists in New York Mr. W. Balfourker would seem to be among the most successful. He has just disposed of two stunning figure compositions to the Century Company.

* * Another Washingtonian who has recently gone to New York to study art is Mr. George Parson.

For the last six months Miss Sara Bartle has been abroad, traveling on the continent. The last months of her sojourn were passed in the quaint old towns of the Netherlands, from whence she brings home several very interesting sketches. Miss Bartle works for the most part with water color on gray paper, and while it is a moot point whether she does not lose a great deal of the crispness of the transparent wash, she certainly gains much in body and richness of tone One study of the picturesque Dutch cos One study of the picturesque Dutch cos-tume is very attractive, with the heavy sabots, the full blue skirt and the immac-ulately white headdress framing the fresh, rosy face of the little Holland maid. At Dodrecht Miss Bartle occupied for a time the same room Hopkinson Smith usually takes, and a little landscape—or perhaps it would be better to say a canalscape— worked from the window, seems to show the influence of association of ideas with the celebrated artist. She intends to recom-mence her regular work of miniature paintmence her regular work of miniature painting at once, and after she has completed the little portraits, which she works so deftly, will go to New York, where a number of orders await her.

Miss Helen Maude Lightfoot has a lot of serious work in view for the winter and has already started a portrait of a beautiful young girl, almost an ideal head in A portrait of little Gioria Hunt in a witching attitude, with her violin raised to her chin, has just been carried to comple-tion. It is sober in color, yet not in the least heavy, for its delicate reflected lights redeem it from any of that pitchy effect so many of the minor English portrait painters of the last century were prone to get through an over use of asphaltum.

FAVORITE FOODS OF CHINESE. some Common Errors as to the Varie-

From the Forum. The cuisine of the Chinese and the mode

and ceremonies attending their feasts have done much to give them a somewhat ex-traordinary reputation. Globe trotters, striving to make their letters brilliant and their books sensational, have told such wonderful tales of bird-nest soup, canine hams and other culinary novelties, served up in such marvelous styles and eaten with such apparent relish, that their readers naturally take it for granted that these things form a large proportion of the food of the pe

of China. Generally speaking, the diet of the Chinese is sufficient in variety, wholesome and well cooked, even if their methods are eswell cooked, even if their methods are es-entially different from our own. Doubtless many of the dishes are found extremely unpalatable to Americans, because of the quantity of nut oil used, and by reason of the pungent flavor of the large amount of garlic introduced. In the latter respect, however, the dishes of southern Europe are equally objectionable. As to the as-sortment of food, it has been said that there is a wider difference, perhaps, between the rich and the poor of China than of any other country.

other country.

It is probably true that the Chinese use a greater variety of meats than do the people of other countries, although but little land is set apart for grazing or for the cultivation of food for live stock. Beef is not a

or other countries, although but little land is set apart for grazing or for the cultivation of food for live stock. Beef is not a common meat, principally because of the Buddhistic prejudice against killing any animal, and particularly such a useful one. Since hogs can be so economically raised, pork is undoubtedly, after rice, the leading article of food. This is eaten in every form, and one may say that every part of the animal is utilized for food. Horseflesh, venison, antelope and bear are often seen, but in passing through the markets pork, mutton and fows are the most conspicuous. For fish the Chinese have an omnivorous appetite, nothing from the water, either fresh or salt, being rejected. A few kittens and pupplies may be offered for sale in cages. Those which are intended for the table are fed upon grain and clean food; so that, if the nature of this food be considered, it is far more wholesome than is the unclean hog. To assert that cats and dogs form a staple article of food is pure fiction. One may live for years in a Chinese city without seeing rats or mice offered for sale as food. They are sold for medicine; but even for this purpose they are not so easily caught as to be cheap. The treatment to which the common people often subject unfortunate rats which have been caught in the granary militates strongly against the notion that these animals are selected as choice tid-bits for the table. Because the rats steal their most precious article of food, rice, the Chinese hold that they are criminals of the deepest dye, and that they merit the worst kind of torture. Black dogs and cats are favorites among the most superstitious natives of the south. These animals invariably command a higher price than others, and are eaten at mid-summer, in the belief that the meat insures both health and strength for the ensuing year. The blood of all animals is taken, so both health and strength for the ensuing year. The blood of all animals is taken, s far as concerns religious scruples, except by Buddhist priests, by a few of the stricter laymen, and, of course, by the Mohamme-dans, of whom there are quite a number in the northern part of the country.

Just Caught a Glimpse

From Tit-Bits. Papa-"By-the-way, who is the lady that bowed to us as we left the carriage?"

Dorothy—"The one with the black silk skirt, the rose petticoat, plaid silk waist, purple collarette with sliver clasp, tan coat, black hat with purple tips, carrying a silvertrimmed card case?"

Papa—"Yes."
Dorothy—'I don't know. I just caught a glimpse of her."

Our Language.

Tommy-"Pop, a playwright is a who writes plays, isn't he? Tommy's Father—"Yes, t Tommy—"Then is a min mmy "Then is a wheelwright writes bicycle news?"